BOYD'S SPLENDID IDEA

By MARGARET MIDDLETON.

"I wouldn't dream of accepting your half-price offer," said Mrs. Marvin, with all the liberal ingenuousness of a new and happy bride.

"I need work so sorely," explained Roslyn Boyd, "that I am willing to take anything I can get."

He was a gentleman, she saw that. His face showed cultured intelligence.

"You seem to be very anxious," she suggested, in a sympathetic, womanly way, and more than anxious was the reply.

"We are hard pressed, my sick wife and two little children. About all I know is photography. Until recently I had quite a lucrative position, photographing scenery for a railroad company. My work for them was completed some time ago and I have had to pick up what business I can in this way."

"Very well, you can take a photograph of the house—yes, and another of the garden and print up half a dozen of each."

Two days later, when Boyd delivered his order, he departed from his generous almoner well paid and with the promise of more work. Within the week Mrs. Marvin sent him to half a dozen wealthy friends. Then she called at the humble home of the photographer in her limousine, brought dainties for his invalid wife, provided for the children and scattered sunshine generally in the Boyd household.

Of course, Boyd was deeply grateful. Whenever he met Mrs. Marvin she had a pleasant, encouraging word

"I Suppose That You Wish to Sell Me These Photographs?"

for him. Her friends helped her to send work to Boyd. He found himself hopeful, prosperous, happy.

One morning as he chanced to pass the elegant home of the Marvins, he viewed a scene that at once troubled him. Mr. Marvin was just leaving the house. He came down the steps with an angry face, evidently greatly disturbed. He was a handsome man, but his features seemed to show traces of dissipation. Pretty Mrs. Marvin stood within the vestibule, one hand extended as if appealing to him to return. Then as her husband swung away she crouched back, covering her face with her hands as if in dire distress.

"Trouble! Oh, I hope not, though it seems so," reflected Boyd, sorely disturbed on account of his good, kind friend. Then his thoughts were abruptly disturbed as a friendly hand touched his shoulder.

"Hello, Boyd, what you doing in this aristocratic quarter?" hailed his challenger, whom he recognized as an old-time friend.

"I am having a good deal of work in the neighborhood," explained Boyd.

"Know the Marvins?"

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Marvin has taken a special interest in influencing commissions for me in her society circle."

"A sweet little lady, that," commented his friend. "Wasn't that her husband who just walked away? A fine fellow, but spoiled. Money, social standing, a charming wife, but fast on the downward path, I fear."

"I had not heard of that," murmured Boyd, very greatly troubled.

"She don't know the worst and he don't realize it," went on the other. "So far his weakness is only getting with a lively crowd of old college chums and drinking champagne. You can infer what that will lead to in time. He has a bout, say once a week, is brought home jolly but boisterous, is all savage and disgruntled the next morning. It's breaking that poor little woman's heart."

All this was a revelation to loyal Roslyn Boyd and he was deeply grieved. Mrs. Marvin called him in a day or two later to see about enlarging some family pictures. He fancied he could trace a repressed sorrow in her manner, the lines of care about her finely-chiseled lips. However, he dared not broach the subject resting weightily on his mind, nor proffer the earnest, helpful sympathy that stirred his honest soul.

"Poor woman! If I could only assist her," was the constant burden of his thoughts. He saw the friend who had advised him of the situation and told him of his gratitude towards Mrs. Marvin, his anxiety to be of service to her.

"You can't break into a family row, you know," he was advised. "You'd get no thanks if you did. It's just this way: if Marvin could be made to know and see the ridiculous figure he makes when he gets full of champagne, he would probably be shocked into behaving himself."

"I've got an idea!" mused Boyd slowly and hopefully, and he proceeded to carry it out. He was an expert photographer, as has been said. There came to him an inspiration to use his art to produce a salutary impression upon the reckless Marvin.

After that for nearly two weeks Marvin had a shadow without suspecting it. Secretly but diligently Boyd followed him through two of his reckless "bouts with the boys." It was the morning after the last of these escapades that Boyd appeared in his private office.

"Mr. Marvin," he said, as they were alone, "I have called to show you some photographs."

Marvin had met him several times and was civil enough, but evidently bored. The effects of his previous night's debauch had unnerved him. He was unhinged, probably ashamed, possibly repentant.

"The pictures comprise a series," went on Boyd. "They cover the doings of a man I deeply esteem, but who has fallen upon evil ways. I hope you will be patient while I exhibit them, and then tell you how and why they were taken."

Marvin regarded his visitor with slight suspicion. He gave a violent start and flushed deeply as he glanced at the first of the pictures Boyd handed him.

Then he forgot rancor and resentment at this overt invasion of his strictly personal affairs.

He was the center of all the photographs shown. In the first he was depicted standing at a bar, drinking with men, some of whom he would not even have recognized in his sober senses.

The second showed him leaning from an automobile, a senselessly silly expression on his face, throwing coins to a hideous, jeering mob following the machine.

In a third he was being held up by two others while he made a speech to a grinning crowd at a street corner. Another showed him clinging to a lamppost, helpless. So down the line, a truthful delineation of a tippler's progress.

"I suppose," he observed, looking up finally in a chagrined, shamefaced way, "that you wish to sell me these photographs to get them out of the way?" plainly intimating a suspicion of blackmail.

For reply Boyd seized the package, tore the cards to fragments and threw them into a waste basket.

"No, Mr. Marvin," he said, "I only wished to bring home to you what the dear, loyal wife who loves you so truly might feel, if she ever saw you as you have been. Oh! sir—"

"You need not go on!" cried Marvin poignantly, springing to his feet. He had seized the hand of his visitor fervently. His eyes were filled with tears.

"Never again!" he said. "First shame, remorse, then confession. I am going home to tell my wife that she need sit up no more fearing the unsteady step that has terrified her in the past. Heaven bless you for a true, honest friend!"

It was a happy-faced Mrs. Marvin who called at the Boyd home the next day, a hopeful-hearted, fervently grateful woman. Tearfully she told Mrs. Boyd of what her husband had done. Then, facing the noble, embarrassed fellow, she threw her arms around his neck and kissed him—as might a dear, dear sister.

Making Artificial Furs.

Away up in the frozen regions of the North, where some of the finest furs are found, the work of manufacturing artificial furs is carried on as well as in more southern places to which the natural skins are shipped.

The skins with the fur are frozen, shaved off and thawed and immediately put through the necessary tanning process to make leather.

The frozen furs are thawed slightly, permitting the points of the fur shaved from the skin to protrude from the ice.

A solution of rubber is then applied, and when it is thoroughly set it is so well held together that it is pronounced even better than the real skins, as they are stronger and are immune from moth.

The process enables some kinds of fur to be sold at a lower price than if the skin was tanned with the fur.

Breaks Only the Best.

They were preparing to move and the mistress herself was packing the china. She had reached a set of bread and butter plates in which she particularly delighted—a simple white and gold pattern of exquisite fineness—and one was missing. She hunted through the kitchen and half empty pantry, and as a last resort unpacked a neatly closed box she had just finished. She thought of asking Delphine, the faithful old deaf maid, but the effort required to make her hear seemed too great.

Delphine, however, whose keen eyes missed nothing, when she saw her mistress on the point of losing her patience came over to her and explained:

"I'll have to tell you now. I broke one of them things t'other day. I don't break anything very often, but when I do it's something of some consequence."

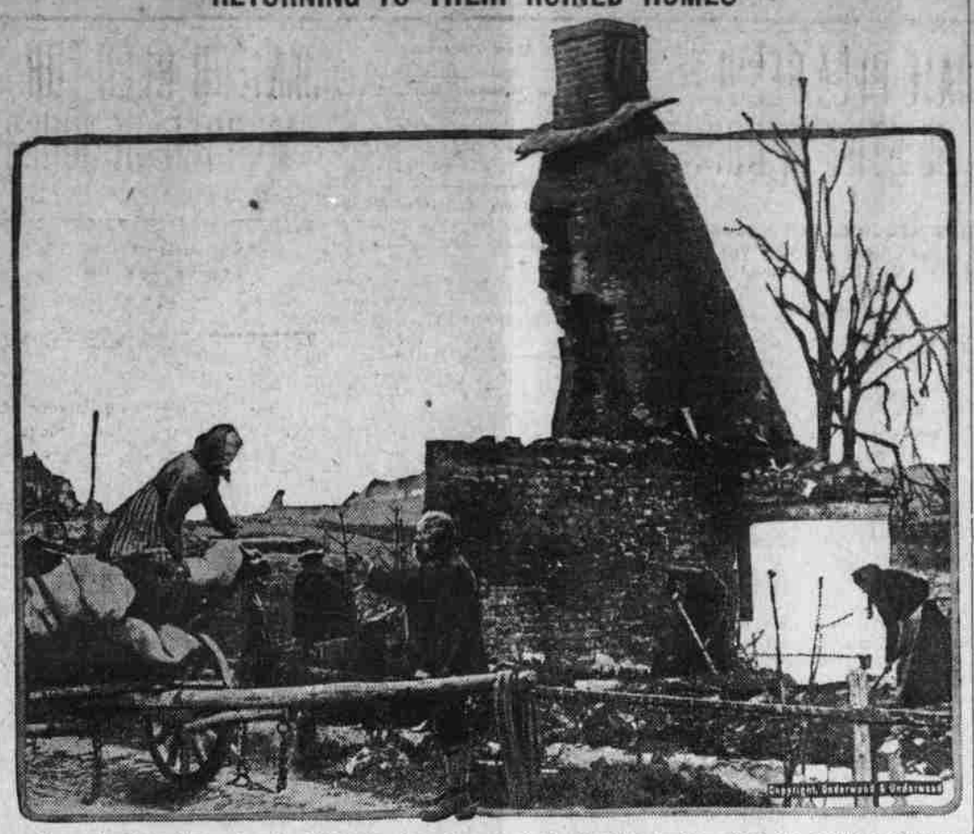
Saving Sailors' Hearing.

Various ways have been devised of neutralizing the unpleasant effects when big guns are fired. One is by keeping the mouth open in order to equalize the air pressure on both sides of the ear drum. Some naval officers think it helpful to chew on toothpicks or to hold a piece of rubber between the teeth. In the Japanese navy the surgeons give the gun crews bits of absorbent cotton with which to plug their ears. The British navy recommends the use of an ear plug composed of plasticene and cotton wool. This is close-fitting, and while reducing the intensity of sound, does not prevent hearing.

What "Penny" of Nails Mean.

The terms ten-penny, etc., as applied to nails came from the number in a pound, pronounced pun. Nails of such a size that it took 1,000 of them to weigh four, six, eight or ten pounds were popularly known as four-pun' nails, six-pun' nails, eight-pun' nails and ten-pun' nails, respectively; and in the course of time, four-pun' nails, six-pun' nails, etc., were gradually corrupted to the meaningless four-penny nails, six-penny nails, etc.

RETURNING TO THEIR RUINED HOMES

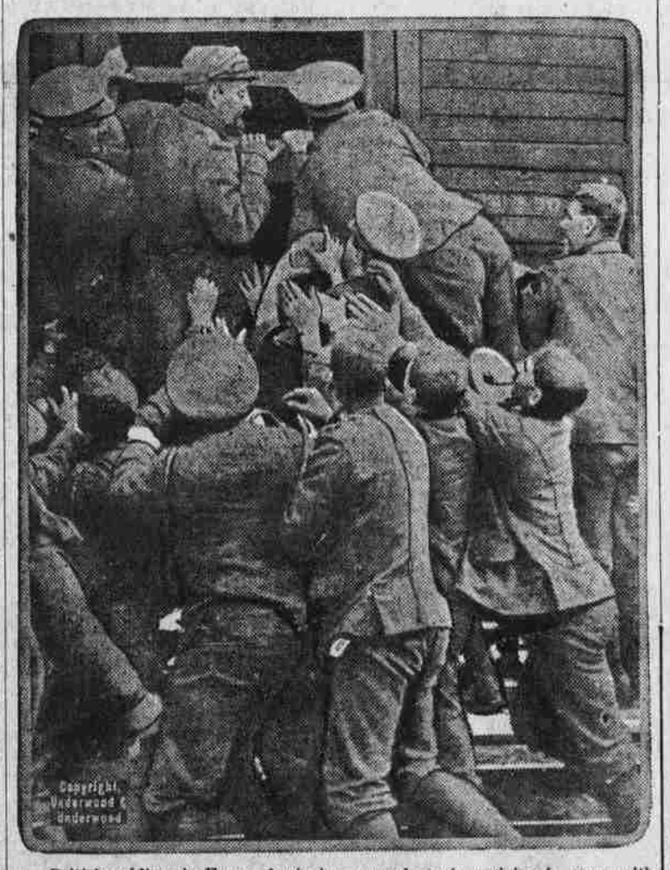


Peasants of East Prussia, who fled before the advance of the Russian armies, when the czar's troops were repulsed returned to their homes to find only the charred ruins of their houses.

SHOOTING AT A GERMAN AEROPLANE

French marines under shelter of the ruined church of Dixmude, shooting at a German Taube aeroplane.

HUNGRY BRITISH STORM BREAD TRAIN



British soldiers in France besieging a supply train arriving in camp with a consignment of bread for the soldiers.

LOVE ROMANCE OF THE WAR

Affair Begun in Belgium Ends at the Altar in an English Church.

A romantic love story, constituting one of the pleasanter sidelights of the war, has culminated in a wedding at Redhill.

Early this year Achille Vidrequin of Brussels, a lieutenant of a Belgian infantry regiment, met Miss Nella Eugenie Wansort of Ixelles, the daughter of a minister of the Belgian Congo. They saw each other on several occasions, and then the war broke out. Lieutenant Vidrequin was called up and fought for his country, taking part in several engagements.

Miss Wansort, with other ladies, was among the first of the refugees to seek shelter in England, and Mr. and Mrs. F. Scrutton of the Woolpits, Nutfield, provided the young lady and her friends with a home at Coniston lodge. She lost sight of Lieutenant Vidrequin and did not expect to see him again.

A month ago Lieutenant Vidrequin was given leave of absence owing to ill health, and went to England. He was ignorant of Miss Wansort's whereabouts. All he knew was that she was a refugee in England. He made an unsuccessful search for her until one day he met her accidentally on the Redhill railway station platform.

Then the lieutenant was recalled to the war, and there was a hasty wedding in the Redhill Roman Catholic church, the ceremony being performed by Rev. Francois de Suick, himself a refugee.

Louvre Paintings Secreted.

Paris.—The big paintings in the Louvre, a Paris paper announces, have been bricked up in a secret place to protect them from aeroplane bombs.

SENTRY ON POST SIX DAYS

Russian, Obeying Army Tradition, Refused to Quit Until Relieved by the Emperor.

Petrograd.—A tradition of the Russian army is that once a sentry is posted only the officer who posted him or the emperor himself can relieve him. Even in time of peace cases occur which require the personal interference of the emperor to relieve the sentry from his post, wherever it may be.

The first case that has happened in this war occurred with a convoy train of a Siberian division which on meeting German outposts was fired on. The officer who had posted a sentry named Popoff over the regimental treasure chest was killed.

For six days Popoff remained at his post, refusing as the regulations direct to hand over his charge until a telegram arrived from the emperor to relieve him. A deed like this is put in the orders and read before every battalion, squadron and battery of Russia's armies.

War Draws the Curious.

London.—Trains to the south coast have been crowded. Many persons have gone to Dover. The idea in most cases is to hear the firing of the big guns of the fleet engaged in bombarding the Belgian coast. It has been suggested that it would perhaps be better if able-bodied men visiting the south coast were to satisfy their curiosity by enlisting, and thus hearing the guns

KHEDIVE OF EGYPT

Abbas II, the khedive of Egypt, who joined with Turkey against Great Britain, and who has been kept out of the country by the English authorities. He has ruled Egypt for 22 years and is forty years old.

SWAP GIANT FOR DWARFS

Germany Wants to Exchange English Eight-Footer for Two German Midgets.

London.—Germany wants to exchange the long for the short of it. William Hempstead, an eight-foot giant, has just reached England from Germany, where he was interned at the beginning of the war, and the American consul general, Robert P. Skinner, is negotiating for the return to Germany of two German dwarfs, less than two feet tall, who till now have been held in England.

Field of Waterloo Entrenched.

London.—A dispatch says the old field of Waterloo has been filled with concrete trenches by the Germans, who expect to make it again the scene of a great world battle.

NEWS and GOSSIP of WASHINGTON

Cupid Is Making Very Poor Shots in Washington

WASHINGTON.—Cupid has neglected Washington. Either his accuracy with bow and arrow is deteriorating or he has passed over the capital of the United States to instill the germs of love in the hearts of old and young in other cities, leaving the boys and girls and the men and women to work out their own methods of heart attraction.

There is no doubt that Cupid has failed us, because the bureau of census has the figures to prove it, and figures don't lie, except at a tea dance. Although William Kroll, license clerk at the city hall, has been acquiring writer's cramp filling out blanks desired by heartsick swains which will allow them to get married and live in a cozy flat, the bureau of the census says more than one-third of the women fifteen years and over in Washington are single. Only three states lead in the number of unmarried women—Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Minnesota.

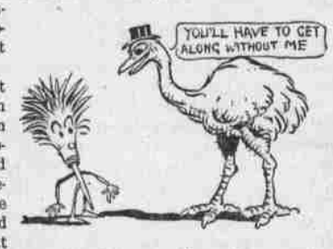
Unmarried men, young and old, have greater opportunity, for finding a mate in Washington than in any other city. There are all kinds, all types, all ages. If a man likes brunettes, there are many. Blondes are in profusion. Mental qualifications range from the tea dance "chicken" with "nobody home" to the calm, studious, sedate female lawyer, doctor and scientist.

Widowers are said to be partial to widows. The commercial organizations of Washington, which have been seeking to bring men of wealth to the city, have permission of the bureau of the census to inform the wealthy widowers of the world that there is a larger percentage of widows, young and old, in Washington than in any other part of the country. There are 21,152 widows recorded by the last census. Some have married once or twice since 1910, but it is said there is about that number in the city today.

Of "grass widows" there is not such a large stock on hand because, it was said at the bureau of the census they remarry quickly after divorces.

Ruling on the Rhea Hits the Feather Duster

THE United States government spent a long time trying to answer the question: "What is whisky?" It has been spending more time trying to answer the question: "What is an ostrich?" The question has been answered by a declaration that "the ostrich is not a rhea." Therefore hereafter the plumes of the rhea cannot be imported into the United States.



The rhea, which is an inhabitant of the Southern continent, has been loosely called the South American ostrich, and as ostriches breed in captivity their plumes are not considered as the plumes of wild fowl, and therefore under the law which forbids the importation of the feathers of wild birds, the rhea plume, under plea that it was an ostrich plume, was held to be exempt and so was allowed to come in.

The rhea, however, it has finally been proved, is a wild bird, and as the demand for its plumes threatened its extinction, the bird protectors took hold of the matter and hereafter under a ruling just made by the treasury department no rhea plumes can be imported.

It is said that the decision will be felt heavily by the manufacturers of feather dusters, who are said to be dependent on these plumes for a supply of proper material for the goods which they make.

In the controversy over the rhea many scientists gave their evidence. Dr. Frank M. Chapman, who is the curator of ornithology in the American Museum of Natural History, New York city, turned the scale so as to save the rhea from extinction by telling the treasury officials that "the rhea is no more an ostrich than the duck is a chicken; and, in fact, the duck and chicken are more closely akin."

George K. Cherrie and Leo E. Miller, who went to South America with Colonel Roosevelt, visited a warehouse in Buenos Aires, where they found 60 tons of rhea feathers, all of which were taken from birds which had been killed. The story that the rhea, like the ostrich, was domesticated and that its plumes were plucked from the living bird finally had been exploded.

Canes of the World Shown in National Museum

AN UNUSUALLY fine collection of canes or walking sticks, representing some forty-five foreign countries and twenty-one states of this country, figures among the historical exhibits of the United States National Museum at Washington. The greater portion of this series comprises a collection of 152 pieces bequeathed to the United States by the late Homer N. Lockwood of Washington, traveler, geographer, engineer and statesman.

Forty different kinds of wooden canes are on exhibition, as well as canes made of ivory, bone, horn, skin, paper, tin, wire and other substances. Many of the specimens are very artistic, some are of curious shape and design, while others, designed for special purposes, include, an emergency cane, containing a whisky flask; a sketching handle; match safe canes; mountain climbing canes, with sharp spiked ferrules; an officers' "swagger stick," and sword and gun canes of various types.

According to the belief of some anthropologists and ethnologists, the cane was an implement which found its way into the families of nearly every race before history was recorded, as a defensive weapon, or as a staff or other useful instrument. In some countries it was used to represent a rod for punishment, and measuring, as well as the implement employed in a sport or game.

One interesting theory is that the Roman cane derived its name from the fact that it was used to beat off the savage dogs of the street. There its general use was soon prohibited, however, since the populace came to use it in their personal quarrels, with disastrous results, and because too many dead dogs littered the streets. An imperial edict, issued to relieve this state of affairs, forbade all except those of patrician rank from carrying canes, thus making it a privilege. The ladies of this time carried them also; their richly and artistically decorated canes serving as a rod for the punishment of their slaves.

Hardest Working Federal Court in the Country

WASHINGTON has one judicial body which is said to be the hardest-worked federal court in the United States. It is the District of Columbia supreme court. In conversation with one of the justices the fact came out that a tabulation had been made of the docket and an assignment made of the work among the six justices, working up to the fullest possible capacity that could be required of a man, and it was found that it would be impossible to clear the docket in the next year. There is one vacancy on the bench, but an additional judge was taken into the calculation. This is the only federal court, department of justice officials say, which works continuously nine months of the year without interruption.

The reason for the overloaded docket of this tribunal is that so many actions are brought here at the seat of the national government, and every one is of transcendent importance, involving great issues. When an action is brought it is usually directed against the cabinet officer heading a department, and must be heard at the earliest possible moment. These cases take up days and weeks and sometimes months, thus deducting that much time from the regular program of the judge or judges hearing them, and the routine being thus interrupted, the court falls behind in its docket.

This court is presided over by J. Harry Covington of Maryland, who, as a member of the interstate and foreign commerce committee of the house, had charge of the trade commission bill passed at the recent session of congress, and this was his reward. Chief Justice Covington is a young man, and was recognized as one of the bright lawyers of the Maryland bar before coming to congress. He is an affable gentleman, who makes friends readily and is very popular.